

## A Childish Prophecy

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26439097) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26439097>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Elder Scrolls</a> , <a href="#">Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Divayth Fyr/Nerevarine</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Male Dunmer Nerevarine</a> , <a href="#">Nerevarine (Elder Scrolls)</a> , <a href="#">Divayth Fyr</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Nerevarine Prophecy</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-13 Words: 1415

## A Childish Prophecy

by [Searofyr](#)

### Summary

From the journal of Lothryn Simero, House Telvanni, 2E.

An unwitting Nerevarine, born into an earlier age than expected, grapples with the question of his identity.

Assorted things have happened in my life. Assorted Divines and persons of questionably Divine status have helped me out.

And I knew I hadn't heard the last of the latest one, Azura taking some sort of misplaced interest in me and insisting on rescuing Divayth and me from our Apocrypha visit.

Lorkhan, yeah. Lorkhan makes sense.

While I don't know the reason for his initial interest, he did approach me via fever dreams, and I responded, and he saved me once before via his tiny representative, and I pledged myself to him, and Divayth sort of implied something of a similar sort without getting too clear about it yet cause that's not normally something he does. It's not normally something I do, either. Lorkhan is the exception. We're a good match, somehow, what god-and-follower matches go.

Sotha Sil makes sense, too.

I've never prayed to him except that one time out of circumstance, but he's become an acquaintance, maybe even friend, that's for some reason easy to talk to, and those are hard to come

by for me. I know my shortcomings. And I get along well with his partner and unofficial assistant and sometimes-representative or whatever he may be, with his affectation of a lack of a title.

That one is also the only tie to Sheogorath that I'm conscious of having, but who knows, maybe I've been a secret citizen of his realm for a long time and didn't notice it. Wouldn't be too surprising all in all.

So while all that attention is honestly baffling, there's some sense in it, even if you have to stretch the definition of 'sense' a bit.

Mara I could have understood, too, but Mara's help never came.

I was raised in her temple, and while I've gone as far astray as one can on the "love and family and selfless care" aspects, running off to join House Telvanni instead and locking myself into my tower to pursue my research and generally not speak to another soul – and marriage and family aren't for me anyway... I did still pray to her sometimes, and I do care about the troubled people that somehow ended up in my care or under my protection, and I do care about the romantic partnership that I've ended up in and that's becoming quite conventional despite the somewhat unconventional way that it started. So idiot that I am, I do sometimes expect some sort of help from her, but it never comes. Just a hallmark of the Aedra, or a concrete lack of interest in my person? Who knows?

(Perhaps the priests who raised me would have said those precise things I end up having were her gift, for a difficult case such as me, and perhaps they'd be right. Still doesn't explain why the Divines would make me such a difficult case in the first place.)

But Azura? I never had anything to do with her, nor with anyone else that had anything to do with her in any meaningful way. So why'd she care what happens to me?

And of course Divayth, being who he is, would be curious as well. I sort of knew that while *I* could ignore it and push it away for a while, he wouldn't. He'd ponder and dig and theorise.

But what he came up with did come as a surprise to put it mildly.

"There's a theory," he said over evening tea. "Didn't think I'd ever consider it in any serious fashion, but a mind closed simply out of habit loses its edge and becomes useless."

"This should be interesting," I said. "I'm listening." Not sure what I expected, but something complex and obscure, for sure.

What he said was, "An outlander, born to uncertain parents, perhaps dragon-born, perhaps under the Empire, guided by Azura, to unite the Houses..."

"Oh please," I said. "That childish prophecy? You can't take that seriously."

"I'm not sure I do. I didn't use to. But I have eyes and sense, and I see things falling into place all around you."

"How many unwanted children are there in Tamriel?"

“Of course you’d see the profane first. But the profane is what Daedra often work with, and try to emulate.”

I shook my head. “It’s a fairy tale for people who want to be more than they are. I’ve got no such delusions; I already know I’m nothing more than I am. And that’s quite alright with me.”

Divayth gave me a thin smile. “Wasn’t I supposed to be the sceptic between us?”

“Since when do you care what anyone’s supposed to be or do?”

“I care when it comes to you.”

One of those surprising confessions he sprinkles into his speech sometimes. I leaned over to kiss him, and he ran his fingers through my hair. Rested them at the back of my neck. Looked into my eyes. “A sceptic that will resist that which promises power, and urges others to do the same. Such as a prophecy, or all the books of Apocrypha. Or...”

I snorted. “Or some tools and a heart, you’re saying?”

“There was a certain someone once who got himself killed that way. You’re not so dissimilar.”

Now there was a weighty statement. Another. “You’re saying I’m not so dissimilar to *Nerevar*. Didn’t you admire that guy?”

“I’m not sure I would go that far. I rarely do.”

I grinned. “Of course. Still sounds like a disservice to him. Have you looked at me and my life lately?”

He resumed his caress. “I have, and I liked what I saw. You won’t see me making commitments to just anyone. Leave alone blood oaths. You know that. Regardless of any prophecies or any surplus titles, I should add. You are, on your own, remarkable, and I see great potential in you. And of course I enjoy your company more than anything.”

What do you say to that? Nothing. I kissed him instead, that’s always an appropriate response, even when it sensibly shouldn’t be.

“So,” I said at last, “if I’m not in fact *Nerevar*, that’s alright, too, isn’t it? I’d hate to have to wonder. Or have some kind of rivalry with a long-dead warlord.”

He smiled. “I like how much you care about that. Don’t wonder; of course I don’t ultimately care about any prophecies. It’s a scholarly interest, that’s all. I want you, and you know that. No rivalry whatsoever.”

“Good.” Some thoughts coming on. Half-formed vague ones of dreams and visions and coincidences and inexplicable hang-ups. Why was I even considering any of that? Because he said it, and he’s got the sharpest mind I know? Because of some uncanny and idiotic sense of my own?

More thoughts; and if one thought these through... I shook my head. “Good. Cause even if I... Look. Even if I entertained even a shred of that. Which I won’t, cause it’s childish nonsense to make people feel better, and make them see some sort of hope there just isn’t. Even if that *was* me. I wouldn’t bow down to that and let it take over. I’m me. If *Nerevar* was unfortunate enough to get reborn as me, that’s bad luck for him, cause it’s my turn. He’s had his run, and he failed and got himself killed. I don’t intend to die. That includes my self. *Especially* that. If *Nerevar* turned into me, he’s over. Is that alright with you, too?”

I can't even say what prompted that speech. Except sometimes you say odd things you feel momentarily compelled to say, even if they should logically be the completely wrong thing to say at the time. Or at any time.

Divayth showed the briefest smile before he kissed me roughly. He's always more than welcome to do that. Still...

"While I love that answer," I said, "I'd like something in words, too. Just to make sure. While we're entertaining this for a moment. Cause if this nonsense was real, it'd be serious, and again I'd hate to have to wonder."

"In words, then. I can appreciate that. In words..." He pursed his lips.

"Not always that easy, is it?"

"In words, it couldn't not be alright with me. More than that. Those are the traits of someone I can spend my life with. How could I have complaints about that?"

Out of all the unwarranted attention from prominent places heaped upon just one more grown-up unwanted child, I have to say his is my favourite kind.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!